

## A BOLD WARRIOR

By George Elmer Cobb.

"H'm!" commented Dan Vesey speculatively, "that's your plan, is it?"

"That's it, and what do you think of it?" challenged Bob Burton.

"Seems to me, Rob, you're drawing the strings too tight on Dora. She's a good soul—faithful, industrious and



Chuckling serenely over "the Easy Game" He Would Put Over.

economical. You've pretty nigh speculated away the two thousand dollars her father left her. Now you want to get her last five hundred."

"But you see," urged Rob eagerly, "I'm so sure I'll make a ten-strike this time."

"Yes, you thought that before and it missed fire. Why not this time?"

"Oh, I'm sure of the proposition. Why, Judge Graham has invested and

he says there is no doubt that the stock will double par in a month."

Dan Vesey said nothing more, but he thought a good deal. Dora was his own cousin. That two thousand dollar legacy had spoiled her husband. He had already thrown away three-fourths of the fund, in cats and dogs. He had given up a good job to become a speculator. The day before the present one he had applied to Dora for the balance of the money.

"A sure investment, Dora," he had insisted—"I'm through with speculation."

But for once he found the indulgent little lady set and resolute in her decision. Positively she refused to risk the money.

"I think the world of you, Rob," she said affectionately. "I would trust you with my last cent, but this is simply encouraging you in a kind of uncertain gambling life. I shall hold on to the last of the money."

Rob grumbled and was disagreeable generally. He was offended and angry. He became sulky, stayed away from the house for a whole day, and then devised a neat, specious plan to get that money that made him chuckle and grin.

This scheme he had just outlined to Dan Vesey. Not receiving anticipated encouragement, he went down to the village billiard hall. It was a general loafing place for the idle and he soon had an audience, interested because Rob treated all hands from a surreptitious liquor supply kept secretly by the proprietor of the place.

"You see, this Mexican war scare is my cue," he told his audience. "If I can only get a suit of soldier's clothes and make Dora believe I've enlisted, I'll work the rest of the game."

"I've got an uncle, old G. A. R. man," vouchsafed one listener. "He'd loan it to you, only he lives forty miles from here."

"That won't do, then," said Rib.

Another had inherited a war uniform from a grandfather, but it fitted